



DROIT ET AVANT.

Don Pratt, of the Washington Capital, is not an admirer of Hon. Sims J. Randall.

Berthet, the Hawkeye man, is lecturing in Kansas, and is delighting the people.

Ex-Mr. Westervelt, of New York City, is dead.

Colonel Glover, of Alabama, father of Mrs. J. L. Alcorn, died recently at his home.

John R. Lynch (col.), ex-Representative in Congress from this State, favors Win-don's emigration scheme.

The West Point Echo advocates the re-lection of Mr. Tilden. Which, of course, makes Mr. T. exceedingly glad.

The Auditor of Virginia thinks the bell punch is a good scheme, and advises that it be continued.

Captain Blair, of the U. S. army, has pledged his fate to the charge of biagany. He desires his fate.

We desire to return thanks to Messrs. Hooker, Singleton and Money for public documents.

The Boston Advertiser says: "The passage of the anti-Chinese bill by the Senate of the United States is a shame and a disgrace."

General Shields, U. S. Senator from Missouri, spoke eloquently and earnestly recently in favor of pensioning Mexican war veterans.

The Washington Capital suggests to the friends of John A. Logan that instead of a reception they give him a "good English grammar in calf."

We deeply sympathize with Bro. Magee, of the Enterprise Courier, in the loss of his entire office by fire. He is publishing a half sheet for the present.

Gen. W. T. Sherman is swinging around the circle. He would rather be President than a right cent in the Crescent City, the hot-bed of Returning Boards.

Senator Davis, of West Virginia, asserts that there is a deficit in the United States Treasury, of over two hundred million dollars.

In these degenerate times when a United States Senator is elected, the next thing in order is an investigating committee to find out how much it cost the lucky man.

The Senatobia Express is one of the best papers in the State. It is edited by Prof. Youngblood, formerly of Memphis, Tenn.

It is rumored that a hostile meeting is imminent between General Burnside and Senator Roscoe Conkling. And with one accord the people rise up and shout let 'em meet.

Rev. Butler, the would-be Governor of Massachusetts and at present a Representative in Congress from that State, is in favor of granting pensions to Confederate soldiers. How about this, Mr. Inter-Ocean?

The Houston Telegram says: "Those who think Senator Maxey's retirement a foregone conclusion are evidently not informed in regard to the situation. The race will be a close one."

The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Times says that the Southern members in Congress are unanimous in their determination to vote solidly against all appropriations until the election laws are repealed. Not a bad idea.

Representative Good, of Virginia, rises to explain that the pack of cards he purchased, as appears from the report of the Clerk on the contingent fund, were not playing cards but visiting cards. We accept his apology.

The Democrats of Kansas are going for those of their party who voted for Ingalls, return to the U. S. Senate, without gloves. In the case of L. E. James, of Ariz-ona, strong county, his indignant constituents have erected a marble gravestone in a vacant lot inscribed: "Our Judas Iscariot—L. E. James."

Our exchanges are discussing the question of primary elections. The Wal-lall Pioneer is of the opinion "that pri-mary elections are great humbugs, and that unless the party can meet in conven-tion and nominate men who will be ac-ceptable to the people, that every man should have the liberty of running for office that wants to."

Tax following strange coincidence is re-lated by the Meridian Mercury:

"The father and mother of Stanton, the Su-perintendent of the Selma, Rome and Dalton Rail-road, killed in the bridge accident, the one from Ohio and the other from Philadelphia, happened to fly by the quickest route and with the least delay. One ar-rived before he reached his last and the other, after, but in time to see him laid away in his last resting place. The parents met thus for the first time in thirty years. Long years ago, they sepa-rated and were divorced and young Stanton took his mother's maiden name. Both his parents were re-married and to make the strange coincidence still more singular, they were both accompanied on the last pilgrimage by their respective mates. And thus happened, probably, the strangest meeting that ever occurred at a death-bed scene."

BROOKHAVEN IN A THEATRICAL LIGHT.

A Brilliant Amateur Performance.

BROOKHAVEN, February 22, 1879.

To the Editor of The Comet:

Many a time and oft have I promised you a letter from my unassuming pen, and as many times have failed to comply with my promise, until fearing I may be deemed in your valuable journal as unreliable, has prompted me to spur upon and induce the following:

What shall be my theme? I will start out in a new departure as a dramatic critic, suggested by a complimentary ticket to the Brookhaven Theater, which I visited last night, and witnessed the five act drama of "Enoch Arden," followed by the popular play of "The People's Lawyer," where figures in all its glory the puritanical, honest, blundering down east yankee, "Solon Shingle."

Now, who, with Ben Johnson, may not say: "I thought he would have played the ignorant critic with everything," and perhaps I have, but such is life.

Sent in one of the earliest little seats in the snugest little corner, of the prettiest little theatre in the liveliest little town in this great State, surrounded by the beauty, wealth and fashion of the place, the bell rang, and the curtain rose to a scene on the sea coast, in Cornwall, England, when Tennyson's great poem was dramatized by Mathison, was placed upon the boards.

The cast was a good one—all amateurs—who played not for glory nor remuneration, but for a laudable object, the benefit of the Presbyterian Church of this place:

Enoch Arden, R. H. Henry, Philip Ray, F. Becker, Dr. Grammett, P. M. Martin, Peter Lane, J. M. Martin, Ben, J. M. Martin, Walter Arden, J. M. H. Martin, First Sailor, H. Bridges, Second Sailor, Miss Hattie Martin, Annie Lee, Miss Fannie Cuming, Esther Arden, Miss Wanda Martin, Villagers, Sailors, etc.

In act 1st, scene 1st, after the game of blind man's bluff, and a miserable attempt at a kiss between Peter and Miriam, suggested by the Shakespeare, Dr. Grammett, Enoch Arden puts in his oar, acco-ding to the play, and very effectively knocks the pretty Annie Lee, who dressed in white, like the bride of Lammermoor, at once made an impression as the favorite among the audience. She maintained her character as an amateur artist of the first grade throughout the play, and only needs cultivation (this being her third appearance on the stage) to be classed among the stars of the histrionic galaxy. Mr. Henry, as Enoch Arden, rendered the character finely, and with one or two exceptions in act second, might have been taken by theater goers as an old stager, and especially in the vision under the palm tree, on the desert island in the tropics. Then his scene and return home, to find his lovely wife, the beautiful Annie who has long mourned him as dead, the wife of Philip Ray. His awful anguish, tempered and subdued by almost superhuman christian forbearance and humble for-giveness, and lastly, his martyr death bed scene, stamps him an actor of more than ordinary pretensions. Dr. Grammett and Miriam Lane played their parts successfully and called down the applause of the house, while Esther and Walter Arden drew a goodly share of praise. Peter Lane, who was ever on a big drink, rather over did the thing and I would advise him to get on a "high lonesome" once or twice, by way of practice. While Philip Ray should try and renew his boy even if he had to color his hair to make him appear older than the grandchild of Enoch Arden, or the son of his wife. Ben, the butler, I will excuse, as I learn the person cast for the part was ill, and he only extemporized for the occasion without notice. First and second sailors should study and remember sea phrases, while Gregory and Walter Arden would do well to practice rolling a wheelbarrow before getting it on the stage. I am no grumbler, and taken all in all, "Enoch Arden" was a success, made more successful by the manipulations of the accomplished machinist Joseph Brown, who volunteered his services for the occasion.

Made by Hartman's Band.

"Let's take a drink."

"Here's a health to thee"

N. B.—Wrote by the writer

PEOPLE'S LAWYER.

Of this popular yankee play I have but little to say, though I have seen it played frequently, and with a Hill, Olen, Jefferson, Davidge, or a Fisk, its splendid, but as Brookhaven has none of these, our Solon Shingle surely mistook his character, and instead of a genuine yankee he was the long adopted garb and played the part of an Attelaphan cow driver. The Misses Josie Warren and Madeline Garton played the parts of the Otis family very successfully, while T. M. Henry, as Bob Howard, was extremely good, as also, was Tom McGrath, as Windlow. The balance of the cast was from fair to middling. I have finished, and hope no one is the worse for wear for being hauled over the coals.

Brookhaven is healthy though business fearfully dull. Everybody and the cook go to Mardi Gras.

Enough from

P. F.

LETTER FROM MERIDIAN.

MERIDIAN, February 21, 1879.

To the Editor of The Comet:

Although Mrs. M. and the little M's are here, I have drifted down to Waynesboro.

I have to express gratitude to some stray Comers lying loose around the bar (it is Circuit Court here now) for the fun and frolic of its articles. They relieve the ennui of the Court room by the amusing John Smith and other articles as well as by the ray and able editorials which gleam from its columns. The Supreme Court Decisions too, to the lawyer and intelligent citizen, make it worth twice the price.

To be short, I want it sent to Waynesboro. Now as to ever paying for it that would require the widest stretch of imagination to conceive its possibility, and I would not do violence to your financial skill by asking you to send it on a credit. The only plan to get it, is, ex-editor, Yes that is it. If that does not bring a sweep of its tail to our town I am in despair. If its columns will not tickle the risibility of the tar-bell ribs about Waynesboro enough to secure a list of subscribers, then I am much mistaken.

Circuit Court is now in the third week of its agony. It is a little lively here just now for criminals. Col. P. S. Layton, charged with assault and battery with intent to kill and murder O. J. R. L. Henderson, the widely known, popular sheriff of this county, has changed venue to Clarke county where Court sits the latter part of March. He is in jail in default of \$1500 bail. Hardy and Graes are his attorneys. My opinion is that poor Layton's mind was laboring under some kind of temporary aberration caused by his just rising from a yellow-fever bed and too much stimulants. The great popularity of "Uncle Bob," who stayed here through that terrible ordeal, and endeared himself by his noble conduct to the people, of course, caused, at 25 years, much feeling against Colonel L. B. C. Walker indulging for embezzling the funds of the Alabama Central Railroad, a large sum, whilst agent at this place, while he was hearing this week. While I am writing District Attorney Ford and Captain Woods, ex-District Attorney, are pegging away at a case of burglariously entering a colored gentleman's domicile and then pounding him not in accordance with the form of the statute. Up to this time there has been no indictment against Merritt for killing Benton. He is in jail, committed without bail. There are other criminal and civil cases of local, but not of general interest.

Two young gentlemen of character and ability have been admitted to the bar—W. C. Forrester and John H. Reagin.

All local lawyers are here, but no "furnitures" this week.

It is a consolation to have a judge who understands and who has ability to expound the law. Judge Hanna comes up to this standard. But if any lawyer thinks to get his vanity tickled, he occasionally does things gently with the judicial curb-comb, when buncombe plays its part. Mansfield at times was a little brusque, and exhibited toward counsel a little healthy rebuke, which caused some irritation, but was usually reconciled by that eminent *avuncle in modo* that cured the evils intended, and alleviated any slight pangs from temporary chiding of counsel. Just here, I bear witness for these many, very many years of intimate acquaintance with his judicial administration; that he is worthy of high rank among the foremost young American judges. Indeed, for absolutely incorruptible integrity and impartiality, for accuracy and fullness of legal knowledge, and general erudition and classic culture he deserves a niche among even those English jurists who have shed lustre on our jurisprudence.

The District Attorney, Capt. T. S. Ford, prosecutes with zeal and ability. When he gets after a fellow, there are no such words as "hold on."

"Uncle Bob" Henderson, Sheriff, keeps everything in the best of order. He understands one important truth—that to govern men well, you must keep them well pleased with themselves. Nature, the partial old dame, was out of humor with the "rest of mankind" when she brought him into this vale of tears. He is, at least one of her pet.

Our gallant and handsome young friend W. D. Cameron, clerk, keeps the clerical department in the most excellent order. It is a treat, both to lawyers and all persons who have business about the court, to come in contact with him. May his shadow never grow less.

Just as I am closing, a legal friend says they will get after me saying "tar-bell," and I had better put it "see tar-bell," and I adopt the suggestion, because he says they know how to light down in that (my) country. Let it then be understood "see tar-bell."

Yours,